swim in the dark to turn the corner at its head and
find light at last trickling upon a rounded stone that
rises there, lone in subterranean depths, and
hallowed by long centuries of Polynesian lore.
By the mercy of God, no one comes. Two or three
times a year a small party of natives may visit
this or that mile of shore for the coco-nuts that
have been growing untended since their last visit,
and there are fisher-canoes out on the lagoon
occasionally. But most tourists have not energy
to get beyond the motor-road, and, besides, they
have no time. They mean, as a matter of fact,
that they have got too much. They wear watches
and talk in terms of days and dates. They have
to do. Nine-tenths of the world has to do.
And that is why there is still fairyland, for those
for whom time is of no more account are too few
to trample down its beauties even with their
clumsy feet.